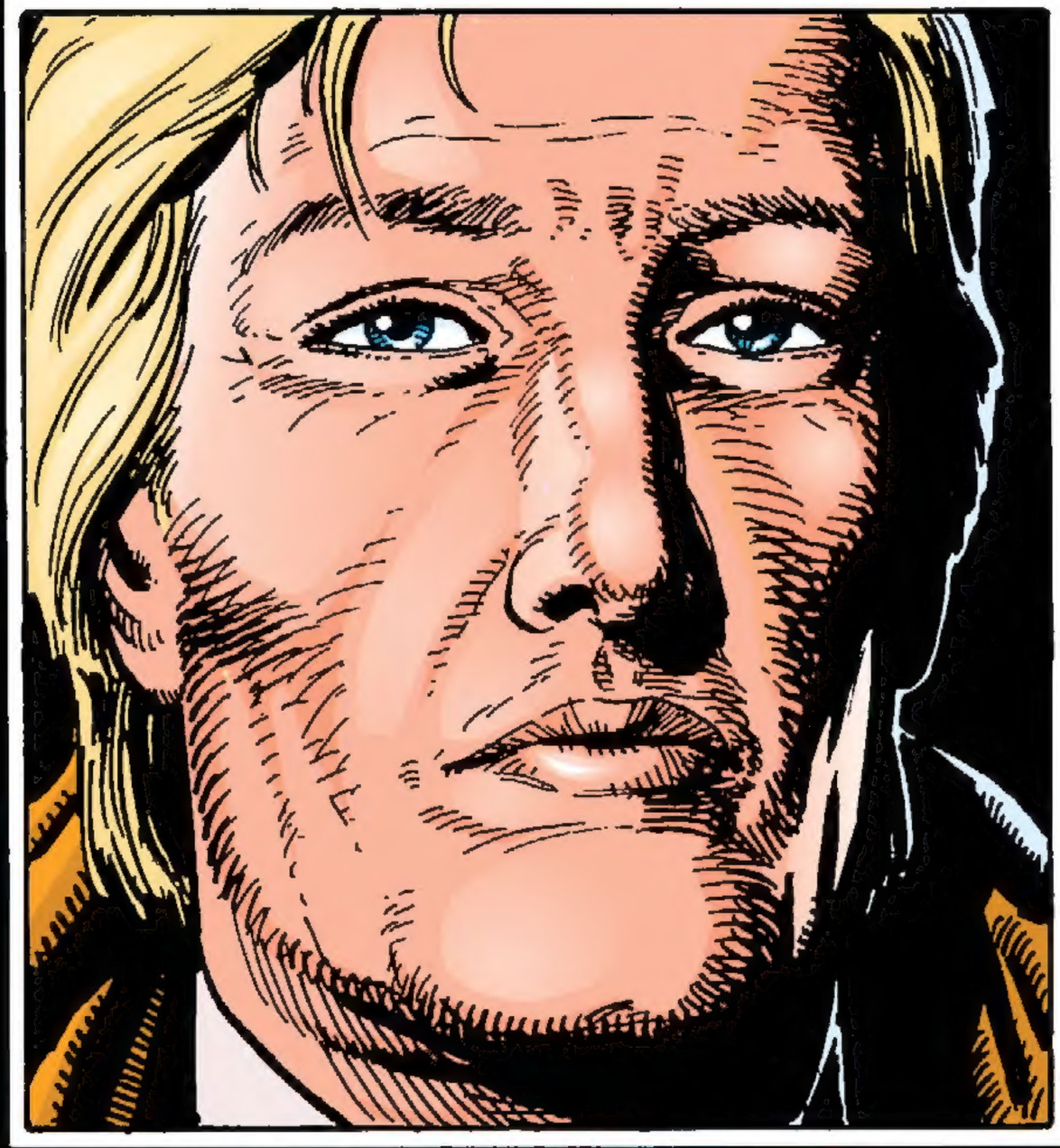
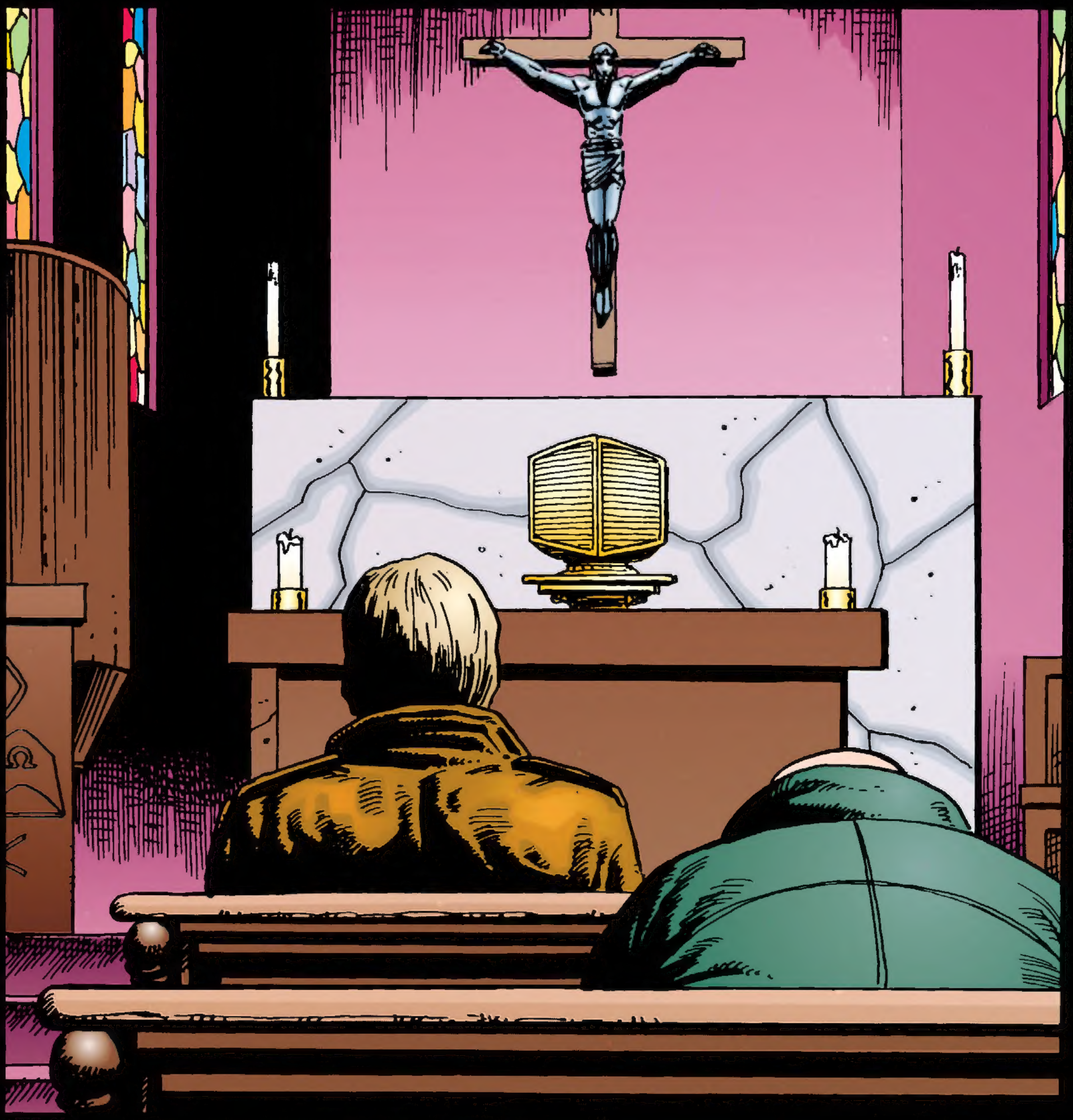
GLENN '93





CONFESSIONAL

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GASPAR • *letters* **JULIE ROTTENBERG** • *assistant editor* **STUART MOORE** • *editor*
For Mal Coney, with thanks

So I'd just nipped out for me sixty Silk Cut...

Good thing too, 'cos I was gonna be needing 'em, the way things turned out...

MARKET

See ya, John.

Cheers, Ajay.

And there he was.

BASTARD--

I'LL GET YOU, YOU BASTARD--

YEAH, I'D GET HIM. I WASN'T SOME WEEDY KID ANYMORE--AND LOOK AT HIM, HE HAD TO BE NEARLY **SEVENTY** NOW--

OH YEAH.

THIS TIME IT WAS GONNA BE DIFFERENT.

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

GIVE US THIG DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND... AND FORGIVE US OUR... TRESPASSES...

AS WE

AS WE FORGIVE--

INRI

OH LORD...

I NEED--TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE, LORD. MAKE ME *FREE.*

SPEAK TO ME...

YOU

LITTLE

SHIT...

YOU...

THE...THE BOY FROM LIVERPOOL. THE HITCHHIKER.

JOHN--? JOHN...

CONSTANTINE.

YOU KNOW THAT OLD SAYING, "IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THE SIXTIES, YOU WEREN'T REALLY THERE"? THAT NUDGE-NUDGE, WINK-WINK ALLUSION TO ALL THE HEY, LIKE, **ACID** WE TOOK, MAN, AND THE GROOVY **TIMES** WE HAD?

WELL, **BOLLOCKS**, MATE. I WAS THERE.

AND I REMEMBER THE RIGGIN' SIXTIES, ALL RIGHT.

I REMEMBER OCTOBER FIRST, 1969, LIKE IT WAS MY FIRST DAY IN HELL.

LOVE

JESUS...

CAN I HAVE SOME OF THAT?

ALICE AND LYNN HAD DROPPED OUT OF U.C.L.A. TO SEE THE WORLD IN THEIR LITTLE VW. THEY PICKED ME UP IN BRUM ON ME WAY SOUTH: "YOUR, LIKE, ACCENT IS JUST LIKE **PAUL McCARTNEY'S**..."

"YEAH, LUV. HE'S ME COUSIN."

IN LIKE FLYNN.

WE'D STOPPED FOR THE NIGHT OUTSIDE OXFORD, TWO DAYS BEFORE. VODKA, SHITTY ELDER-BERRY WINE, ACAPULCO GOLD AND FAR TOO MANY DEXIES--TOUGH OLD LIFE.

WE GOTTA TURN OFF FOR READING HERE, JOHN. SORRY...

S'OKAY, LUV. LONDON'S ONLY FORTY MILES DOWN THE ROAD. BE PLENTY MORE LIFTS, LIKE.

I FORGOT WE HAD THIS STUFF. YOU GUYS WANT SOME?

YEAH... MMMM... 'LL KEEP ME GOIN'...

GOOD LUCK MAKING YOUR FORTUNE IN LONDON...

Heh-- HMMMFSH!

PLACE WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT IT.

DON'T FORGET TO SEND US PAUL'S AUTOGRAPH.

PROMISE.

OKAY, I KNOW--DIRTY TRICK. WHAT D' YOU EXPECT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...

Heh Heh Heh...

BUT LONDON, YEAH, THAT'S WHERE IT WAS ALL GONNA START HAPPENING. LIVERPOOL, AND DAD, AND ALL THE LITTLE MINDS WERE BEHIND ME.

I WAS HEADING SOUTH TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE.

NICE DAY FOR IT...

BOLLOCKS.

BUT THAT'S LIFE, INNIT? UPS AND DOWNS, SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS, LOOKING ROUND CORNERS FOR WHATEVER TURNS UP...

YOU PLAY THE CARDS YOU'RE DEALT—AND THE WAY I SAW IT, I HAD ME YOUTH, THE OLD CONSTANTINE CHARM, A NEW LIFE IN LONDON AND A LITTLE MAGIC ON TOP OF IT...

ROYAL FLUSH.

COUPLE OF ACES UP ME SLEEVE AN' ALL.

FRIGGIN' BRILLIANT.

MAYBE IT'LL BE HENDRIX AN' A BUNCH'VE SWEDISH NYMPHETTES...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LAD?

LONDON ALL RIGHT?

FINE.

PHILLIP TOLLY.

JOHN CONSTANTINE.

THAT'S A LIVERPOOL ACCENT I HEAR...

YEAH. D'YOU MIND IF I SMOKE, LIKE?

NOT AT ALL. HAVE YOU JUST LEFT HOME?

YEAH. BORED UP THERE, Y'KNOW? YOU...

OH, NO. YOU GO ON.

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME-ONE TO STAY WITH IN LONDON, SON. I SEE A LOT OF YOUNG LADS LIKE YOU MOVING DOWN THERE EXPECTING THE WORLD, AND...

YEAH, I KNOW THE STREETS AREN'T PAVED WITH GOLD AN' THAT. ME MATE GAZ MOVED DOWN IN THE SUMMER. HE'S GOT A FLAT.

OH, HE'LL BE MEETING YOU, WILL HE?

SO YOU'RE NOT EXPECTED.

NAH.

RIGHT.

NAH, NAH. JUST TOLD HIM I'D BE DOWN SOMETIME BEFORE CHRISTMAS, LIKE. SOON'S I GOT THE CASH TOGETHER.

HALF AN HOUR LATER I WAS THINKING, YOU KNOW--DECENT OLD BLOKE. BIT BORING. HOW FAR TO GO NOW? Heh, I'M GONNA SURPRISE THE SHITE OUT'VE GAZ. WONDER IF HE'S GOT SOME SMOKE IN?

I MEAN, A LOT OF PEOPLE *POOH-POOH* NORWEGIAN WINE, BUT I THINK THAT'S WHERE THE FUTURE LIES...

LONDON

URY

TON

MEL

EAD

I WANT TO SUCK YOU.

YES, CHATEAUNEUF DU FJORD, THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT. THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE.

A FRIEND OF MINE'S IN TOUCH WITH A CHAP CALLED **LARS**, YOU SEE, AND...

WE'RE GOING TO BE IMPORTING IT CHEAP. COULD MAKE ***TWENTY QUID*** ON EACH CASE, SON--

HOLD ON...

Mmm?

WHAT, *uh*... WHAT'D YOU JUST SAY, LIKE?

TWENTY QUID A CASE.

BEFORE THAT.

I WANT TO SUCK YOU.

YEAH, RIGHT. STOP THE CAR, BOLLOCKS.

I SAID STOP THE FRIGGIN' CAR. RIGHT?!!

60 70 80

WHAT THE BLOODY HELL'RE YOU DOIN'?

STOP, FOR GOD'S SAKE! YOU'LL KILL US!

80

IT WON'T BE THAT BAD, SON.

THAT COULD'VE BEEN NASTY.

OKAY.

THERE, THERE.

THERE, THERE.

YOU WON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY NOW, WILL YOU? YOU'RE JUST A BOY. I'M MUCH STRONGER THAN YOU ARE.

OF COURSE YOU WON'T.

BASTARD!!

EEEEAHHHH!!!

WHY WAS THERE SO MUCH BLOOD?

THAT'S ALL I COULD THINK OF. NOT "SOME WANKER JUST TRIED TO SUCK ME DICK" OR "I'M STRANDED MILES FROM NOWHERE WITHOUT ME GEAR"--

WHY SO MUCH BLOOD?

YOU DON'T BLEED LIKE THAT WHEN YOU BITE YOUR LIP, OR BREAK YOUR NOSE, OR EVEN SEVER YOUR TONGUE--

HUHHHHHH!!

HUUUUU-HUHHHHHH!

SON?

POLICE

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

THEY BROUGHT ME ALONG ANYWAY. WHAT THE HELL, THEY COULD ALWAYS DO ME FOR WASTING POLICE TIME.

I SWEAR TO GOD, MATE! JUST ROUND THIS NEXT BEND, LIKE!

BETTER BE.

IT WAS JUST STARTING TO SINK IN, TOO--HE WAS PROBABLY LONG GONE. PATCHED UP HIS CUT LIP OR WHATEVER, AND DRIVEN OFF NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN, LIKE HE PROBABLY HAD LOADS OF TIMES BEFORE.

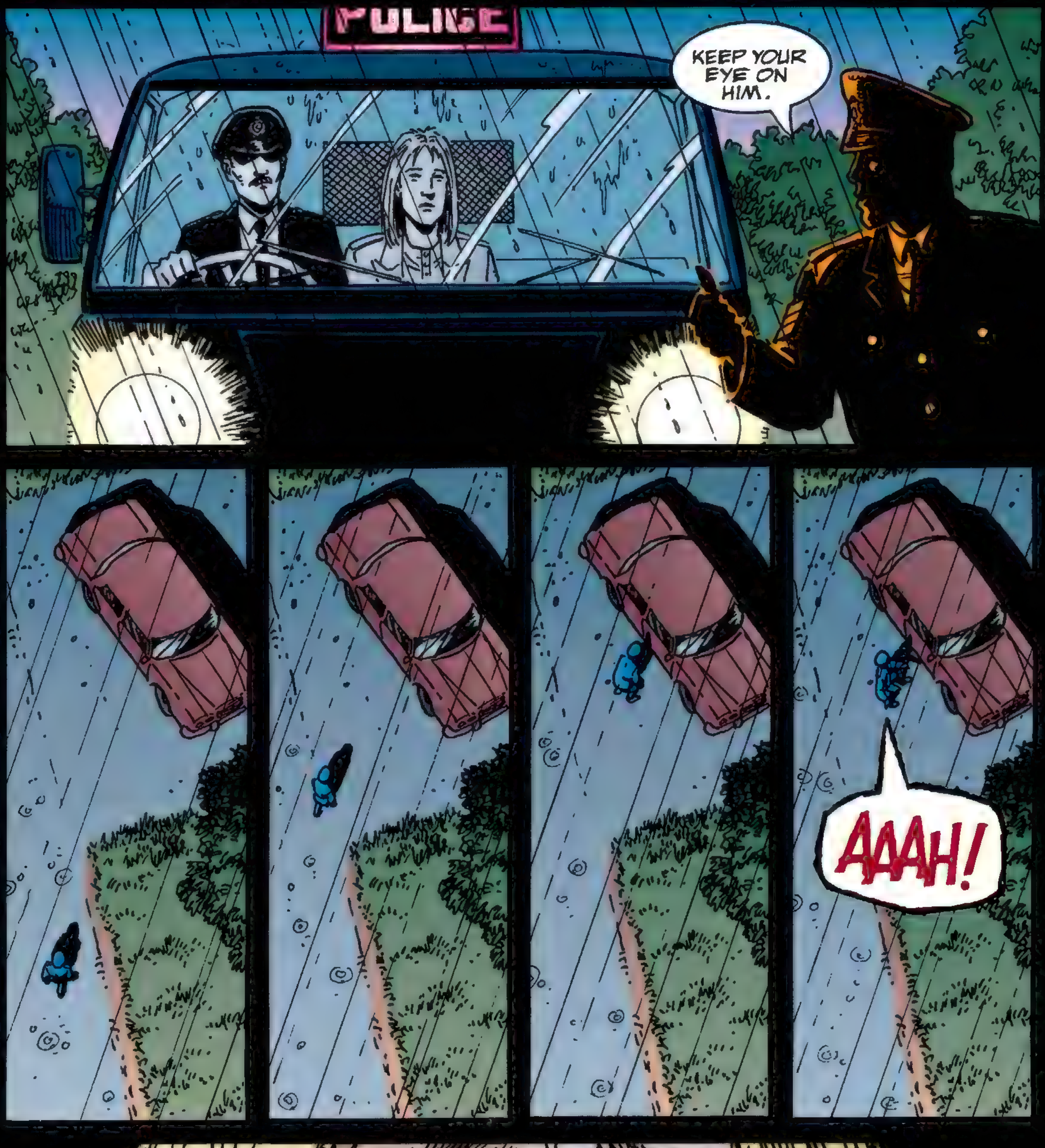
LEAVING ME RIGHT THE WAY UP **SHIT CREEK.**

ON REFLECTION...

HERE, SARGE? LOOK.

I WISH HE HAD.

POLICE


POLICE
KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM.
AAAH!

ERMM...

BETTER... UH... GO AND...

LATER ON, AFTER THE TEN-MILE TRIP TO LONDON WHEN I SCREAMED THE WHOLE WAY, I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT HOW NORMAL HE'D SEEMED...

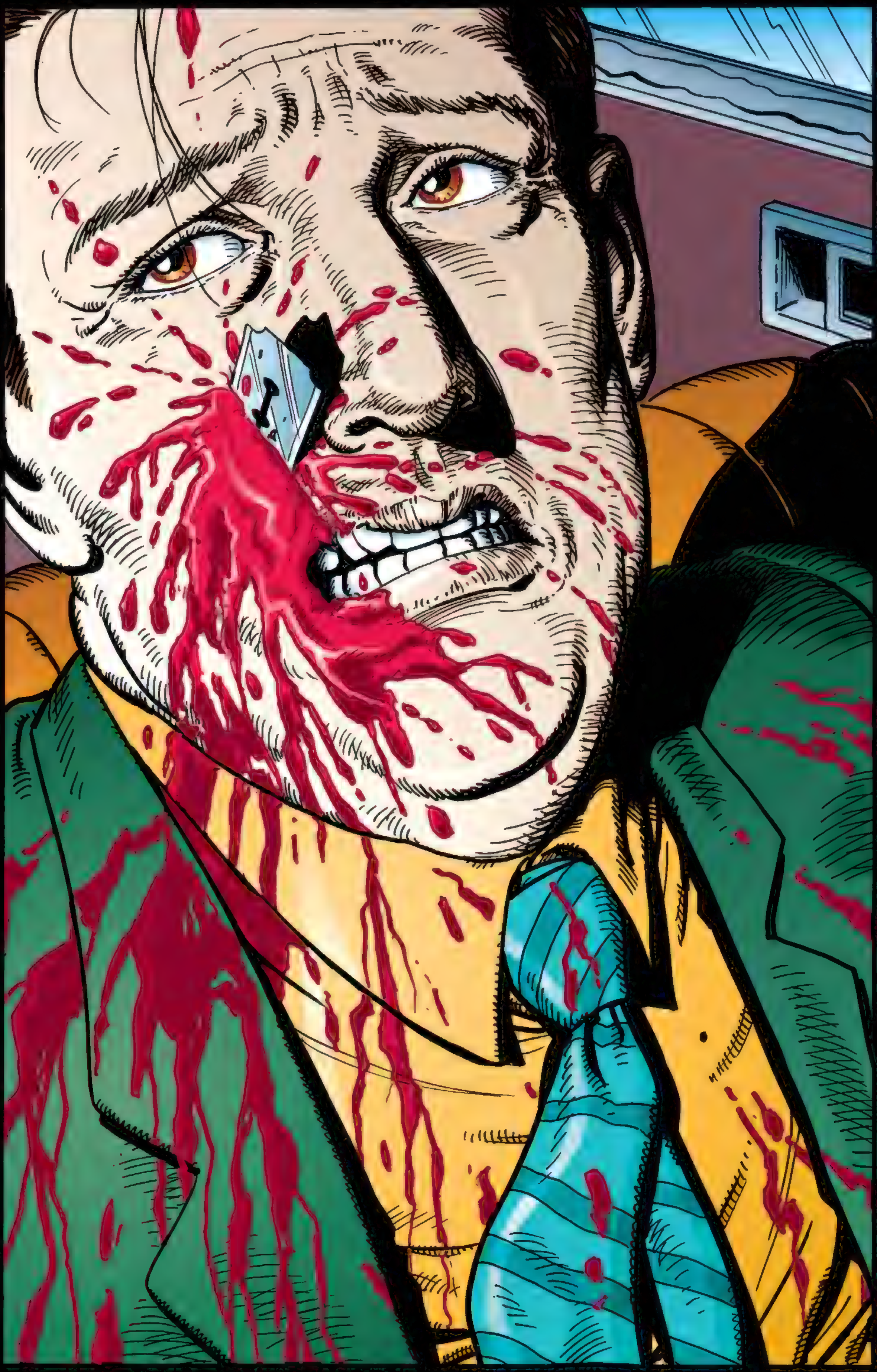
POLICE

AND I KNEW THEN THAT THE MAGIC I WANTED WAS NOT AN ABSTRACT, ETHEREAL THING TO BE PICKED UP AND DROPPED WHENEVER I FELT LIKE IT...

THAT IT'S THE **REAL ENERGY** OF EMOTION AND LIFE THAT RUNS AROUND AND IN AND OUT OF US...THAT IT'S IN OUR **HEARTS AND MINDS**...

THAT HELL IS EVERYWHERE.

AND THE DEVIL SITS RIGHT BESIDE US.



I CAME HERE TONIGHT TO TALK TO MY GOD.

I THINK... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE... MY MIND IS CLEAR, AND MY THOUGHTS ARE LUCID. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY, AND WHAT TO ASK HIM.

BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I KNOW HE ISN'T LISTENING.

WILL YOU?

EVERYTHING.

NEVER ENOUGH, IS IT?

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, AND IT'S ALMOST DONE ME IN A COUPLE OF TIMES AN' ALL-- BUT I CAN NEVER JUST **FACE** THESE FRIGGERS

I GRASP INSIDE THEM, UP TO **THE ELBOWS** IN MINDS THAT SLOP WITH MAD DOG'S SHIT-- I WANT TO KNOW, I WANT TO SEE FOR MYSELF, AND EVEN WHEN IT'S WAY TOO DEEP AND IT MAYBE GETS A LITTLE LIKE A MIRROR...

NEVER ENOUGH.

IF I...

I'M TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE...IF YOU CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND...

I WAS A PRIEST.

THE NINETEEN-SIXTIES WERE NOT THE BEST OF TIMES TO BE A MAN OF GOD. I THINK THAT WAS THE VERY HEART OF THE PROBLEM.

I WOULD LOOK OUT OVER MY FLOCK, AND WHAT I SAW FILLED MY HEART WITH SADNESS...

...IN A TIME WHEN THEY WERE, MOST DEFINITELY, VERY FASHIONABLE INDEED.

WHERE WERE THE CHILDREN? THE YOUNG PEOPLE? WHY WERE THE GUARDIANS OF OUR FUTURE NOT LISTENING TO THE WORD OF THE LORD?

BECAUSE I WAS PREACHING AGAINST INDULGENCE AND IRRELIGION...

HOPE WAS DYING INSIDE ME. MY **FAITH** WAS HURT, WITH A **CANCER** EATING AT ITS CORE...

AND I BECAME BITTER.

AND THE CONFESSIONAL BECAME AN **ANVIL**, WHERE I HAMMERED THAT BITTERNESS TO A WHITE-HOT, HISSING RAGE.

TO BE TOLD FROM AN EARLY AGE THAT YOU ARE A SINNER, TO BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE DONE WRONG AND THAT YOU DO SO EVERYDAY IN THE EYES OF THE LORD: THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF GUILT.

IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, WE HAVE HONED IT TO A FINE ART.

FOR A FEW, IMPRESSIONABLE SOULS--EVEN IN A LIBERAL AGE--IT IS A DIFFICULT THING TO FORGET.

UH...I'M A BIT... I FEEL, Y'KNOW, CONFUSED AT THE MINUTE--

NO.

UH,... SORRY?

YOU MUST BEGIN "FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED." THEN YOU MUST TELL ME HOW LONG IT HAS BEEN SINCE YOUR LAST CONFESSION.

THEN YOU MAY CONFESS YOUR SINS.

OH.

EM... FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. I HAVEN'T CONFESSED IN... IN A FEW YEARS, I SUPPOSE.

I WAS AT THIS PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT, RIGHT? AND ONE OF ME MATES, LIKE, WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE WE WERE NIPPERS...

IT TRANSPIRED THAT, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CANNABIS AND L.S.D, THEY HAD MADE WHAT HE CHOSE TO CALL "LOVE".

AND HE WASN'T SURE WHAT TO FEEL ABOUT IT.

FIGHTING BACK ANGER AND NAUSEA, I GAVE HIM TEN OUR FATHERS AND TEN HAIL MARYS. THEN I TELEPHONED HIS FATHER AND THE LOCAL POLICE STATION.

A JUDGE GAVE HIM A SIX-MONTH SUSPENDED SENTENCE.

HIS FATHER BROKE HIS JAW, HIS ARM, AND SIX OF HIS RIBS.

I CAN RECALL NO REGRET WHATSOEVER AT HAVING BETRAYED THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSIONAL. THE YOUNG WERE TURNING AWAY FROM THE CHURCH. DESPERATE TIMES... DESPERATE MEASURES.

IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE I REALIZED THAT I WAS SATISFYING NOT THE LORD'S WILL...

BUT MY OWN.

AND IT WENT ON. I WAITED PATIENTLY WHILE THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN, AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, THROUGH A TWINGE OF GUILT OR A NAGGING ANXIETY...

THEY WERE DELIVERED UNTO MY JUDGMENT.

I LISTENED TO THE EVIL OF THE LOVE GENERATION, A LICENTIOUSNESS THAT FILLED ME WITH HATE. MY PUNISHMENTS WERE DELIVERED BY PARENTS AND CONSTABULARY, REQUIRING NOTHING FROM ME BUT A CAREFUL WORD, A SOLICITOUS PHONE CALL...

UNTIL, ONE EVENING, A YOUNG WOMAN CAME TO CONFESS HER SINS TO GOD.

SHE INFORMED ME THAT SHE'D ATTENDED AN ORGY TWO NIGHTS PREVIOUSLY, WHERE ALCOHOL AND NARCOTICS HAD DISSOLVED ALL INHIBITION. AND AT THE HEIGHT OF IT--SHE TOLD ME WITH A BARELY STIFLED GIGGLE--SHE HAD FOUND HERSELF IN THE ARMS OF HER YOUNGER BROTHER.

I MEAN, LIKE, HE PROBABLY FEELS WORSE ABOUT IT THAN I DO...

Y'KNOW? FATHER?

HARLOT!

Heh.

AAAAAH!

AAAAOW! FATHER--!

INRI

CAN I HELP YOU...?

D'YOU KNOW HE'S COMING BACK?

WHAT?

OH YES.

HE'LL BE BORN IN SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES THIS TIME.

HE'LL RUN WITH THE EIGHT-TRAY GANGSTERS UNTIL HE REALIZES WHO HE IS. AFTER THAT HE'LL WORK TIRELEGGLY FOR THE PEACEFUL ADVANCEMENT OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN CULTURE...

HE'LL END UP LEADING A GREEN ANARCHIST COALITION IN HELL'S KITCHEN, AND A MAN NAMED GELDOFF WILL KISS HIM ON THE CHEEK BEFORE AN *N.Y.P.D. SWAT TEAM.*

JUST LIKE LAST TIME, NEITHER THE RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENT NOR THE GOVERNMENT WILL BELIEVE HIM. AND HE, IN TURN, WILL ONCE AGAIN MIS-IDENTIFY THE PRIMARY MOTIVATING FACTOR OF HUMANITY AS ***LOVE.***

AND...OF COURSE... JUST LIKE LAST TIME... HE'LL LEAVE THINGS IN A MUCH WORSE MESS THAN HE FOUND THEM.

INRI

ALL THE SAME...

HE'LL LOOK PRETTY GOOD UP THERE WITH DREADLOCKS AND A FENDER STRATOCASTER, WON'T HE?

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...?

WHO ARE YOU?

YOU DON'T KNOW?

YOUR FRIEND THERE WAS FOND OF TELLING ME TO GET BEHIND HIM.

INRI

YOU KNOW WHO I AM, FATHER TOLLY.

OH, NO!

OH, FATHER, PROTECT ME! I AM YOUR SERVANT, FATHER! THIS IS YOUR HOUSE!

FATHER, WHY?!!

YES...HE DOES TEND TO MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS, DOESN'T HE?

THAT'S PART OF WHY I'M HERE.

COME ON, FATHER TOLLY. THAT WON'T DO AT ALL.

GET UP.

I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, FATHER TOLLY. BUT I WANTED TO ASK YOU A QUESTION...

ALL THESE CONFESSIONS YOU'VE BEEN TAKING RECENTLY, THE TEENAGERS, YOU KNOW...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

I ALREADY HAVE A FAIR IDEA, BUT I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT FROM YOU.

I DON'T UNDER-STAND...

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, FATHER. APART FROM THE YOUNG WOMAN WHOSE NOSE YOU'VE JUST BROKEN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN THEIR CONFESSION.

WELL... eh...

WELL, TWO OR THREE OF THEM ARE IN BORSTAL. CATHY DRABBLE LEFT HOME. STEVEN ROGERS IS... IN HOSPITAL, AND...

THE PETERSON BOY?

THE PETERSON BOY... AFTER HE WENT TO PRISON, AFTER HE, eh...

AFTER HE WAS BUGGERED ELEVEN TIMES ON HIS FIRST NIGHT INSIDE ...

HE KILLED HIMSELF.

NO HE DIDN'T, FATHER. HE TRIED, BUT A THREE-STORY DROP WASN'T QUITE ENOUGH.

HE BREATHES THROUGH A MACHINE, AND HE DROOLS A LOT AND SHITS HIMSELF EVERY FIVE MINUTES.

I WAS... I WANTED TO SAVE THEM...

FROM ME? WHAT WOULD I WANT WITH A BUNCH OF HIPPIE LAYABOUTS WHO SMOKE TOO MUCH DOPE AND SCREW ALL THE TIME?

NO, FATHER.

WHAT I WANT ARE TOTAL BASTARDS.

COME ON THEN, FATHER. YOU'RE FOND OF TAKING CONFESSIONS...

I HAVE ONE FOR YOU.

SITTING COMFORTABLY?

FORGIVE ME FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED...

IT'S MY... FIRST CONFESSION...

AAAAAAHHHHH!!!

AAAAH, NOOO!

DECEIT! OH, VILE DECEIT! EMPIRE OF LIES!!

INRI

INFAMY! OH, I KNOW NOW! I KNOW!

HE TOLD ME! ALL OF IT! OH YES, I KNOW NOW! I KNOW WHO THE LORD OF LIES TRULY IS!!

I KNOW WHAT HIDES BEHIND THAT STEELY GAZE! THAT ALL-SEEING, ALL-KNOWING FACE OF STONE!!

HNNNNNGGGG--!

IT--WASN'T FOR--OUR--SINS--!

NOT FOR OURS!!

AAAAARRRHHH!

INRI

PETROL

PETROL

I GOT OUT.

THERE THEN BEGAN A PERIOD IN WHICH I WAS... A LITTLE UNCLEAR...

I THINK THAT... WELL, DESPITE SOME OF THE THINGS I DID, THAT MY **MANNER** HAD CHANGED...

MY ANGER, BITTERNESS, **FRUSTRATION**--IT WAS GONE, AND WITH IT WENT THAT PETTY SPITE THAT MADE ME BETRAY THOSE CHILDREN'S TRUST...

I WAS KIND, GENTLE AND COMPASSIONATE, AND MOST OF ALL, I WAS **UNDERSTANDING.**

I WAS A BETTER PRIEST.

I TRAVELLED UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY FOR TWO YEARS. EXACTLY WHAT GOSPEL IT WAS I PREACHED, I AM UNCERTAIN, BUT I KNOW I BROUGHT PEACE TO SEVERAL TROUBLED SOULS ALONG MY WAY.

THE LAST OF THEM WAS IN SCOTLAND...

I BAPTIZED UNBORN TWINS IN LOCH LOMOND, ON A NIGHT SO BEAUTIFUL YOU COULD HAVE DROWNED IN STARLIGHT...

I LOOKED DOWN AT MYSELF, SO HAPPY I HAD FOUND PEACE AT LAST...

AND I DECIDED TO HEAD SOUTH.

THAT WAS WHEN I MET YOU.

DID YOU WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AFTER-WARDS?

FOR A WHILE.

I RECKONED THEY'D STUCK YOU IN SOME RUBBER ROOM FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. I WAS HOPING YOU GOT E.C.T. EVERY NIGHT...

BUT I'VE HAD WORSE SHIT HAPPEN TO ME SINCE. I MORE OR LESS FORGOT ABOUT YOU.

TILL TONIGHT.

YOU WERE RIGHT.

I WAS KEPT IN A MENTAL INSTITUTION FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHERS, BUT WHAT I'D DONE TO YOU--AND THE FACT THAT I WAS CATATONIC-- WAS ENOUGH FOR THEM.

THE WORLD CEASED TO HAVE ANY MEANING FOR ME. I LIVED IN SILENCE, SHACKLED TO THE WALL FOR FEAR OF A FRENZY THAT WOULD NEVER COME.

BUT THAT WAS ALL RIGHT...

I WAS NEVER SHORT OF COMPANY.

EVERY NIGHT HE CAME TO ME, AND REMINDED ME OF WHAT HE'D SAID IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

AND FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS, HE KEPT ME A THOUSAND MILES FROM MY OWN SANITY.

BUT ABOUT A YEAR AGO HE SHOWED UP, AND SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT...

IT'S OVER, FATHER TOLLY.

YOU'RE CURED.

er... HELLO?

NURSE?

AND I **WAS** CURED. ENOUGH FOR THE DOCTORS, ANYWAY.

OH, IT TOOK A YEAR FOR THEM TO BE SURE, BUT THEY'D NO MONEY LEFT TO SPEND ON ME. MENTAL HEALTH IS NOT THE PRIORITY IT ONCE WAS.

I WAS RELEASED THIS AFTER-NOON.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHY HE LET ME GO. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HIS CONFESSION, OR WHAT IT MADE ME DO, BUT... SOMEHOW THE PERSPECTIVE HAS CHANGED...

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE, TO... TO...

TO **ASK**...

WHICH REALLY JUST LEAVES ONE QUESTION, DOESN'T IT?

WHAT **WAS** HIS CONFESSION?

AND THEN HE PUTS A PENCIL IN EACH EYE AND HEADBUTTS THE PEW IN FRONT OF HIM.

HE LET YOU GO 'COS HE KNEW YOU'D BE RUNNING INTO ME.

HE KNEW WHATEVER HE TOLD YOU WAS SO **AWFUL** YOU COULD NEVER REPEAT IT. BUT YOU WOULDN'T NEED TO.

YOU WERE A MESSAGE, TOLLY.

ONE DAY SOON HE'LL CATCH UP WITH ME. AND PAY ME WHAT HE OWES ME.

AND THEN... JUST BEFORE I DIE...

I'LL HEAR THE DEVIL'S CONFESSION TOO.

THE END

Cover art by Glenn Fabry for the John Constantine, Hellblazer: Fear And Loathing *trade paperback collection, released in 1997*

·GLENN FABRY 96·

LOST SOULS
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THE EVILS OF SMOKING AND DRINKING BY GLENN FABRY -93

Case's 93 Pub

PHIL
WINSLADE
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11/13.

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